Dancing In Red

by LuckyRubyDancerÂ©

Zoe Green entered the door to her apartment, frustrated. God, what a terrible

day it had been. After a flat tire on the way to work, a broken high heel near

lunch, and a long bumpy ride on the wrong bus, the redhead was just happy to be

home. She fumbled with her blouse, trying to get the newly-stained garment off

before she got any farther. A moment later the curvy woman yanked the

half-buttoned shirt off over her head and tossed it aside. Walking to the living

room in a red lace bra, black pinstripe suit skirt, seamed hose, and black

pumps, she flopped into a chair and flipped on the TV. She crossed her legs and

began to change channels with one hand, the other pulling her hair out of its

French twist and letting it tumble about her shoulders in loose waves. She

placed her feet on the coffee table and crossed her legs at the ankles, sighing.

It was good to be home.

She leaned her head back, relaxing into her easy chair. She looked beautiful,

28C breasts filling the bra cups perfectly, hips flaring in the skirt. After a

while, she unzipped the skirt and slipped out of it, revealing a pair of

matching boyshorts and a garter belt holding up the thigh-high hose. She sighed,

watching the TV in a bored fashion, until she came to the pay-per-view channels.

"Seen it, seen it, not interested at all..." Zoe murmured as she flips through.

"Ugh. Nothing interesting is on." She turned it to the music channels and

flipped through, stopping on Club Hits. Remembering that her blinds were open,

that she had neighbors in buildings who could see right in, and honestly not

caring, she cleared an area and began to dance in her underclothes.

In high school and college, she had been a cheerleader. She was a tumbler,

meaning that she was able to pull off some amazing gymnastic moves. This also

meant that she was incredibly flexible. She used the flexibility to her

advantage now as she danced, pulling one leg up against her torso, sliding into

straddle splits, and the like. She was certain that a few horny men were staring

into her living room using binoculars or telescopes. Every time she thought of

it, the idea gave her a thrill.

She kept dancing, her milky skin covered in a thin sheen of sweat. Each time she

spread her legs, she felt a cool draft of air sweep over the wetness of her

panties. While thinking of men watching her, she reached behind and unhooked her

bra, slid it off, and threw it toward her imagined audience. She thought,

suddenly, that it was a shame she didn't have a stripper pole.

Without the restrictive lace of the bra, she began to fondle her large breasts,

gently tugging the nipple as she danced. In her mind's eye, she was on stage,

stripping for a room of horny men focused on her. Instead of the demure

executive she was in reality, she was a wanton woman, undressing for their

pleasure--and hers. She pretended the large windows, ten stories up, were the

front of her stage. She hooked her thumbs in the sides of her panties and began

to roll them down. She paused and rolled them back up, acting as if, in her

fantasy, there wasn't enough anticipation in the air. After a few more gyrations

and a bit of air-humping, she pulled her panties off and tosses them over her

shoulder.

She ran her fingers through her damp, dark red curls, and fell to her knees near

the windows. Licking her lips, she slid a finger into her warm, sticky lower

lips, before lifting it to her mouth and sucking it clean. The tangy, salty

taste made her moan softly. She raked her fingers through her neatly trimmed

bush once more, before sliding a finger into her warm, inviting pussy. She began

to rub against her inner walls slowly. With her free hand, she began to tweak

and pull at her nipples.

With a low moan, she slid to the hardwood floor, legs spread toward the windows,

cunt open for the world to see. She slid another finger inside, and rubbed at

her clit with her thumb. The whole time, she was pinching, pulling, and tugging

at her nipples, moaning softly. She wiggled her fingers deep inside. Without a

toy, she had found that she prefers to torture her sensitive inner walls until

she came.

After a while, the sticky, wet fingers in her pussy slid lower, probing at her

asshole, and the hand at her nipples moved to slip into her cunt. First one, and

then the other finger slid into her tight ass, and she cried out in pleasure.

Her back arched off the floor as she probed into this new, unexplored region.

The hand playing at her pussy slapped her clit once, twice, before diving deep

and finding her g-spot. These fingers rubbed hard and fast over the bud, and she

grunted in pleasure, head falling to the side. Ruby lips parted, and her tongue

caught between her teeth. Her full breasts jiggled, caught between her arms.

The fingers in her asshole delved deeper. She made it to the first knuckle, then

to the second. They thrust a bit, rubbing as well. It was all she could do to

delay orgasm and extend this delightfully new, sinful feeling. Each second

brought her closer to the edge. She slipped her fingers out of her slippery cunt

and slapped her clit before pinching and tugging at it.

That was all she could take. She screamed at the top of her lungs as she

shuddered into sweet release, gasping for air. Her back arched, and her tits

began to swing wildly on her chest as she thrashed about on the floor. Her

fingers dug into her cunt again, found her g-spot, and rubbed it furiously to

increase the sensation. Her screams turned into short moaning gasps, and then to

softer moans, as she slowly came down. She was only going to allow herself one

orgasm tonight. She had to keep the audience coming back for more.

After Zoe came down, and before she moved to get into the shower, she lay

spreadeagle, eying her ceiling. Perhaps it was time to install a stripper pole.